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DEMOCRATIC SENATORS AND DINGLEYISM.

The determination of the Democratic Senators not to resort to filibustering in order to prevent the passage of the Dingley bill will receive the commendation of their party throughout the country. The people have given the Republicans power, and it is only right that the latter should have liberty to carry out their policies. The people knew when they gave the Republicans the victory that they were voting for the party of protection. Whether the people have repented of their action or not is for the Republicans of the Senate to decide. Of course it will be the duty of the Democrats to offer proper opposition to a measure so false in principle and iniquitous in detail as the Dingley bill. It will be their duty to expose to the public the true nature of this Republican tariff, which is no better than a receipt bill returned to the trusts and other beneficiaries of protection for their campaign contributions of money and influence to the cause which won.

In view of the evidence which the recent elections have given of the disappointment and disgust of the people it is more than probable that the Republicans of the Senate would be highly gratified privately were the Democrats to take the responsibility of forcing radical modification, or even the defeat altogether, of the Dingley bill. The Republican Senators, in common with other men capable of reading the meaning of current events, doubtless perceive that their party has erred fatally in assuming that the American masses were longing for a return to McKinleyism.

The people have come to understand exactly what protection is in practice, whatever it may be in theory. Theoretically its purpose is to suckle infant industries, to increase wages and build up American as against all other interests. Practically, as the people have been taught by experience, protection is simply a sordid game of grab, in which those least in need of help from the Government are most; a scheme for abusing the power to tax so that revenue, instead of reaching the public treasury, shall be deposited in private pockets; a device so nourishing and strengthening to the trusts that they are unanimously enthusiastic in support of protection.

At a time when the country, harassed by long-continued hard times, is glowing with resentment against the ascendancy of the all-absorbing trusts in business and politics, the Republican party has passed through the House of Representatives a tariff bill the like of which was never seen in the United States before, a tariff framed at the instigation of the trusts for the further fattening of the trusts. It looks like madness to do this thing, but, remembering what the forces are which created this Administration and are behind it, the party can hardly be regarded as a free agent when it comes to legislation desired and commanded by unscrupulous wealth and a greed that is as unpatriotic as it is boundless.

The Democrats of the Senate do well to let the Republicans tread the Dingley wine press alone. It is right as well as politic that the party of protection should receive no outstretched Democratic hand to help in pulling it from the pit which it has dug for itself. Protection is a curse in full view of the country, which it so long has cursed.

MAYOR STRONG AND THE CHARTER.

Mayor Strong's refusal to approve the charter has taken Greater New York and the Legislature by surprise. It was known that the Mayor disliked some provisions of the instrument, but it was inferred from his previous utterances and general attitude throughout that he would sign the charter on the ground that its excellences far overbore its defects. That really was the Mayor's view until very recently, as he admits in his message to the Legislature.

The points which Mr. Strong makes against the charter—the bi-partisan Police Commission, the double chambered Municipal Assembly, the limitations upon the Mayor's powers, and the rest—have become familiar in the course of the discussion. The objections, of course, are entitled to respectful consideration. In the main they are sound enough.

But what then? Are we to postpone consolidation because we cannot at this time get a perfect charter? We think we correctly state public opinion in saying that the people of Greater New York much prefer to take the charter with its faults to having it rejected on account of them. The people are willing to try the charter as it is and procure its amendment in the future as practical experience shall disclose its shortcomings. That, in fact, is the only way in which an entirely satisfactory charter can be obtained. To frame one in advance that will be wholly aptable to conflicting interests and suit everybody is ask beyond human performance.

The Legislature, we have no doubt, will override Mayor Strong's veto, and in so doing it will unquestionably act in accordance with the wishes of the vast majority of the people of this city.

POLITICAL CONFISCATION OF STATE BANKS.

Ellsworth, the author of the Anti-Carriage bill, jumped into notoriety by that absurd measure, but not content with the achievement he now further courts public attention by an outrageous proposition in the shape of a bill which is a piece of tyranny far reaching in its possible consequences.

This bill puts into the hands of the Superintendent of Banking a power hitherto confined to the strict guardianship of the courts. It provides this official shall have power to appoint a receiver or receivers to wind up the affairs of such institutions as he may judge to be in a "critical condition, and that such parties shall report their net, not to a court of record, but directly to the Superintendent. This is the gist of the bill when stripped of erbage. Its provisions extend not only to banks, but to all institutions which hold money in trust, and it has been held as essentially important that fiduciary institutions should be under the aegis of the State, and that all responsibility for the ultimate disposition of their affairs and of the interests of their clients should, in case of failure, default or other defect, be in the hands of the organized machinery of justice. Why, then, should a jealous sentiment exist scarcely needs any extended comment. A bank or similar institution is primarily a trustee of the property and interests of individuals, and this function should be held under the eye and guardianship of the highest authority, when its exercise is dangerous. To take this responsibility from the courts, which have hitherto had the granting of receiverships and to which all receivers' reports have been made for final action, and to substitute in their place a power, which is essentially political, opens the door to the most flagrant and dangerous abuse.

abuse of power in building up political strength and a great swing of patronage are all involved in endowing the Superintendent of Banking with this right. It would make him one of the most important functionaries in the State, and his opportunities for ill-doing would make him a threat to the public welfare. Courts themselves, with all the grave responsibility which attaches to their machinery, sometimes make mistakes and do injustice. How much more would the single individual holding such power! But this increased probability of doing injustice would be a trifling factor in the problem compared with the tremendous political power which would infallibly go with such augmentation of official duty.

CITY OWNERSHIPS OF RAILROADS

A deputation of Knights of Labor has presented a petition to Mayor Strong urging that measures should be taken to secure municipal ownership and control of certain city railroads, which by their charter may revert to the city under certain conditions. These conditions have so far matured, it seems, as now to constitute an option. Among the special reasons adduced is the plea that the metropolitan street system is rapidly becoming an octopus, which will soon absorb all the tramway lines of the city unless immediate steps are taken to wrest the spoils from their long tentacles.

This is a perfectly proper and reasonable claim, but in the opinion of the Journal it does not go far enough, or lay the axe to the root of the evil. It will be, of course, advantageous to the public interest that the city should own one, two or three railroads, on the principle that a part of a loaf is better than none. But the vital question involved in the outlook is the acquirement of all the roads by the municipality—a result which we believe to be imminent in the not distant future, similarly with the systems of gas and electric lighting. That it lies within the control of the municipality to institute such steps as will lead to this result we believe to be incontrovertible without violating any essential rights of individuals or corporations.

The label of socialism which is attached to all such schemes, like the cry of "mad dog," is as baseless as the canine stigma oftentimes is. The city has as much inherent right under our prevailing system to supply the needs of travel and illumination as to furnish its drinking water, or to clean its streets. English governmental methods have never been branded as socialistic, yet many of the principal cities of the United Kingdom have pushed this theory of municipal ownership of tramways to full extent in practice. The results have been so conspicuously satisfactory as to challenge the admiration of all visitors, alike in efficiency of service and cheapness of fares.

The more rapidly the agitation for a similar revolution in American cities is begun the better. It is a reform which the times need. So, while the demand of the Knights of Labor does not go far enough, it yet addresses itself to an immediately practical and practicable result, which may inaugurate the larger change.

HAWAII, CUBA AND ANNEXATION.

It is apparent that the question of Hawaiian annexation will soon come up again. Then this country will have to decide whether we shall have everything to do with the Sandwich Islands or nothing. There are arguments for and against annexation, but it is manifest that in fairness we should either take the islands or abandon altogether our claim to have a voice in the affairs of their people, who ask for permission to come to us. If we decline their offer there will be no justice in arrogating to ourselves the right to forbid them to place themselves under the protection of England, or of any European power they may incline toward. Even if Japan should attempt to appropriate the group we would not be in a position equitably to object to her taking what we have refused to accept.

The argument that the preponderance of Asiatics in the population renders it unwise to include Hawaii in our domain has about the same weight as the objection to the annexation of Cuba on the score of her negro element. In passing it should be said that the Cuban negro makes a good soldier, and is much above the African average in intelligence. But were he all that timid Tory fancy pictures him it would not matter. The addition of Cuba and the Sandwich Islands to our possessions as Territories would speedily transform them by emigration and enterprise into American communities fit to be States. It is not as these two knockers at the door of the United States at present appear that they should be considered, but as they would be certain to be after ten years of secure government under American law.

Both, in our opinion, should belong to the United States. The military reasons for their annexation are overwhelming, and the commercial reasons are not less commanding. The people of Cuba, like the people of Hawaii, are ready to join us. To reject them is stupidly to refuse two rich gifts that would add much to our power and wealth. If we will not accept them we should at least not curse the Cubans and Hawaiians with the weight of our assumption of supervision over their destiny.

A BRAVE, IF SOULLESS, BROOKLYNITE.

Superintendent Barton, of the Brooklyn Union Elevated Railroad Company, is a man doomed to live the remainder of his days under the scorn of the female orator. He has discharged all the girls who sold tickets on his odious line, and for cause of action avers that they flirted to such an extent as to reduce the receipts of the road. This is absurd as well as sordid. It is preposterous to say that the presence of pretty girls in the L offices willing to flirt would keep the average Brooklynite away from the cars in the free intervals when he is not wheeling a baby carriage. Besides, is Mr. Barton such a Graceland as to think that merely because a poor girl must work for a living she should surrender her right to make herself agreeable, with possible matrimony in view? Obviously Superintendent Barton is incapable of appreciating how high and holy and noble is true womanhood, or he never would thus slander and persecute young ladies who cannot help being engaging. "It is because we were polite to the passengers that we have been let out," explains one of the dismissed. "If I had treated a questioning passenger curtly he might have complained. For being civil I am discharged. The treatment we have received from the road is shameful." So it is. Whether Superintendent Barton is old and bald and cross-eyed is not stated, but that he has a ticket-chopper where his heart ought to be is manifest.

The efforts of the Board of Education to establish a pie boycott on the pupils in the public schools will be watched with unadulterated interest. The Board's attempt to preserve the digestive organs of the children is highly commendable, but pie has long been a great American prerogative, and it remains to be seen whether the laws of health can overcome gastronomic patriotism.

By remaining away from the White House and at the same time getting just what he wants in the way of spoils Hon. Mark Hanna is setting an example that is not being generally followed by his colleagues. They know better.

A Moment with the Chappies.

HAPPYDEED is so put to it for amusement these days that an inter-lunch pool tournament has been arranged under the leadership of the virile and sporty Racquet Club.

The scheme includes two champions from each organization represented in the contest, and the University, the Union, the Knickerbocker, the Union League and the Metropolitan have considered the matter favorably.

The milk drinkers of the Calumet, however, have refused to have anything to do with it. Their objection to the tournament is the prominence assumed by the Racquet Club.

Ever since the Racquetters were so rude as to call the Calumeters "Willieboys" and to refuse their proposition to join the Racquet Club en masse, the milk drinkers have sulked in their dairy and asserted with much vehemence that they wouldn't play in the Racquet Club's back yard any more.

This is a sad blow to the proposed pool tournament, but the united efforts of the other clubs will probably pull it through.

A horrible rumor comes down from Albany that Timmy Woodruff's name and picture have been left out of the "Red Book" this year.

For the information of those chappies whose knowledge of current literature is confined to the productions of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Diodate Thompson, "Purr" Collier and others of their set, I will say that the "Red Book" is a volume issued annually for the apparent purpose of publishing the likenesses of the Solons that are sent to the State capital.

That Timmy Woodruff's handsome face should have been left out of such a publication, and the Lieutenant-Governor, surpasses all belief.

If such is the case, however, there is but one thing to be done. This sorry edition of the "Red Book" must be called in at once and the mistake must be rectified.

There are some things quite beyond toleration. We may submit to the healthy tax on clubs, but we draw the line at being deprived of the blessed privilege of gazing on the pulchritudinous physiognomy of Timmy Woodruff.

Among those departing for Europe to-day are Mr. and Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll, Mr. Charles C. Delmonico and Dr. Habishaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll will make an extended stay, but Mr. Delmonico expects to return by the middle of July.

Dr. Habishaw's plans are indefinite. If he has a chance to hear some very fine music on the other side he won't want to come back at all. If he wears abroad those rainbow shirts he has been sporting at home the people won't let him come back.

Therefore, if Charlie Delmonico hopes to retain this most charming companion for the return voyage he had better keep him away from musical conservatories, and see to it that his wardrobe is modified in pattern and in color.

Two highly important social items are going the rounds of the press.

One is that Mrs. Gertrude Van Cortlandt Hamilton has let her Newport cottage, "The Moorings," and has taken a house at Mahanoeck.

The other is that Mr. Jefferson M. Levy—a Knickerbocker of the Knickerbockers, as he proclaims himself—refuses to part with Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, even though all the money in the United States Treasury were offered for the property.

Mrs. Hamilton's preference comes under the head of tastes about which there is no disputing.

Mr. Levy's pride is pardonable. Monticello is a family matter with him. It came into possession of the Levys as a direct result of the improvidence of the Jeffersons. It has remained there ever since. It is a part of Mr. Levy's very christening—I use the word advisedly—for Mr. Levy's full name is Jefferson Monticello Levy.

How could Mr. William J. Bryan, who is seeking to make a national park, or something of that sort, of Monticello, have the temerity to ask Mr. Levy to part with it for a mere money consideration? Such a proposition is an offence to sentiment.

What Mr. Bryan ought to propose is this: To buy the land and erect thereon two statues—one to the memory of Thomas Jefferson, the Founder of Monticello; the other to the memory of Jefferson M. Levy, the Preserver of Monticello.

New York society long ago recognized the worth of Mr. Levy's claim to prominence. It still retains the estimate then formed.

A lot of people have been asking me what "Pegamoid" means. They have seen the word written in gilt letters all over the windows of the new Bowling Green building, and it excited their curiosity.

"Pegamoid" is the name of the stuff that the little Duc de Morny is trying to float on the American market.

Just what it amounts to I don't know, but the Waldorf chappies think it's great, and I hear that Henry Melville, the English hero of the Boston mystery, has gone into it.

Mr. Melville is a gentleman of extensive travel, extraordinary information, vast experience and remarkable astuteness. I don't think he would have gone in for the Duc de Morny's "Pegamoid" unless he had satisfied himself that it was a good thing. This is all that I know about "Pegamoid," but I have no doubt that Le Petit Duc would be willing to furnish further information on application.

When Mr. Grau gives us that all too short supplementary opera season in Holy Week we shall be deprived of one of the joys of attending the Metropolitan Opera House.

The dear chappies of the Opera Club have kicked on the extra assessment, and have come off their perch in the omnibus box, where they were such conspicuous objects of the unqualified admiration of the rest of the audience.

They will probably spread themselves next week around the rear of the orchestra circle, where they can applaud the divine Calve with as much vigor as heretofore, but when they will do it far more difficult to pelt the diva with their little offerings of pinks and violets and an occasional rose.

A contemporary furnishes the information that "the feminine side of society has been very consistent this year in keeping up its French."

Without stopping to discuss the somewhat perplexing phraseology of this paragraph, I presume that it means that the ladies have been studying French this winter. This, interpreted, nothing could be more welcome because nothing was more necessary. CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music.....The Heart of Maryland	Knickerbocker.....The Serenade
American Theatre.....The New Dominion	Koster & Bial.....Gayest Manhattan
Blum.....The New Dominion	Luxembourg Theatre.....The Mayflower
Casino.....The Wedding Day	Madison Square Garden.....Barnum & Bailey
Columbus Theatre.....Hogan's Alley	Murray Hill.....Darkest Russia
Day's.....The Tempest	Olympic Music Hall.....In Great New York
Empire.....Under the Red Globe	Pastor's Theatre.....Hanson's Superba
Ellen Musee.....World of Wax	Pastor's Theatre.....Vandeville
Fifth Ave. Theatre.....The D'Urbervilles	Pleasure Palace-Music Hall, 1330 E. M. 7
Garden Theatre.....The Canine	P. M.
Grand Opera House.....The Politician	Proctor's 23d St.-Continous, Noon to 11
Garrick Theatre.....Never Again	Star Theatre.....A Texas Steer
Hoyt's Theatre.....A Black Sheep	Wallack's.....Miss Manhattan
Herald Square.....The Girl from Paris	Weber & Fields.....Under the Red Globe
Hudson Opera House.....The Beauties	14th St. Theatre.....Sweet Lullabies
Huber's 14th St. Museum.....Vandeville	
Keith's.....Continous Performance	

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY—Probably fair; winds shifting to northeasterly.

SIMPSON READY FOR WAR.

Prepared to Make More Trouble for Speaker Reed—Facts of Armor Plate Bidding.

WASHINGTON, APRIL 9.—Jerry Simpson has posted notice that to-morrow he will again pull on a row with Reed. The two will collide in the House arena at noon, just following prayers, and the worst is hoped, Simpson outlines his plan of battle. He will perform as an obstructionist.

The moment Reed attempts to have the Journal read—that exercise being, as it were, the first chicken on the House roost—Simpson will smash him with "no quorum." It is, in the parlance of sports, a 10-to-1 shot that "no quorum" will win. The House men have dispersed to their home lairs pending tariff in the Senate. It is unlikely that a quorum will be in the chamber to-morrow. If there isn't, Simpson's "no quorum" will block the way. All the House can do is to adjourn from day to day, and command its sergeant-at-arms to take horn and hound and chase its shy membership until a quorum is rounded up.

Should it chance to-morrow that a quorum be extant, then Simpson will fall back on his refusal to grant unanimous consent. Should aught of legislative sore have House proposal—the Bankruptcy bill, which is exciting tender interest just now, might be the measure—it will require the consent of everybody, and Simpson declares that from now nothing can get this frank. He will left-book all such with his refusal. Simpson's tactics are simple, and will pester Reed no end. Reed, however, intimates the coming invention of "a rule which will buck and gag" the Populist chief. We will wait and see. Whether Reed bobbles Jerry, or Jerry wallops Reed, it will, either way, be a spectacle full of peculiar thrills.

Bailey and the Democrats should come to Simpson's shoulder in this fight. First, because Simpson is right, and, again, for the reason that they will, before all is done, need the help of Simpson and his tribesmen on many a field of House war. Bailey and his folk of the Democracy should remember the Scotch proverb of "gilt-gaff," and scratch the Populist back in this, to the end that on the day of its necessity the Democracy's back be scratched.

Besides, the Republicans are the common enemy, and Reed himself a werewolf of general politics. His overthrow would be a general benefit, and it kills not who or how many strike him down. The game law is out on Reed; he is fair quarry, and Bailey should join Simpson in his hunting.

Reed's refuge is ready should he fall of gusto on House assault upon him. Let him do right, let him obey not break the law. He should name the committees, he should construct the House, and put its machinery together; he should see it going. He says it might do harm. That is not Reed's business, he is not employed by the Government to entertain fears on that point. The country prefers to rely on all of the Representatives rather than on Reed alone. Reed's record, whether on the floor or in the chair, does not engage the general confidence. The public is in no mood to cherish him in his despotism. It doubts Reed's breadth, his depth, and since the Pacific Railway bill it fears there may be variations of Reed's needle of integrity.

For which pregnant causes the public, while willing Reed should represent his district, object to his representing the earth. And the public declines Reed in his present self-constructed role of the whole House of Representatives. Maine is not the entire country, Portland not the world. Reed might better hunt his proper hole, and Bailey should join dogs with Simpson in forcing him to seek it.

Roosevelt Smoked the Pipe of Peace. Roosevelt was here to-day, and smoked the gentle pipe of peace and consulted with McAdoo, whom he follows. Roosevelt will be inducted into his honors April 19. Waggle-tongued gossip supplies Secretary Long with a fear of Roosevelt. Gossip relates that Long is making orders and other arrangements to shorten Roosevelt's tether.

This is bald nonsense. If Long had any apprehensions of Roosevelt, McKinley wouldn't have selected the New Yorker. Moreover, even if Long were looking for and seeking to fence against future trouble to be made by Roosevelt, he would fail. No one can hold Roosevelt. He is like unto the gentleman who dwelt among the tombs—no man can bind him; no, not with chains. The moment he sees a wrong he assails it. And one might as well batter a horse with a cobweb as try to hold Roosevelt with a rule when on the hot trail of a wrong.

Speaking of Roosevelt and wrong reminds me that those members of the armor plate ring, not in Congress, who were up to the bid opening yesterday by Long, are still hanging about camp. Are there armor plate ringers in Congress? Tillman, of the Senate, says there are. Yes, I know Tillman is a rattlesnake. The arms of South Carolina are a palmetto tree and a rattlesnake, and they've sent the latter to the Senate. But what then? A rattlesnake may yet be a serpent of probity; good may come out of Nazareth, and Tillman may tell the truth.

"The armor plate ring has its agents on the floor of this Senate," said Tillman in his frankly barbarous way.

This was on a March midnight, just before the last Congress adjourned. "Does the Senator mean to insinuate?" cried Hawley, struggling to his feet.

"The Senator means to say," responded Tillman, interrupting Hawley with much of prompt candor, "that the armor plate ring has its agents and emissaries on the floor of this Senate, aiding it by every means in their power to filch money from the pockets of the country."

"Then," retorted Hawley, half choked, "the Senator states what is false."

"The galled jade winces," remarked Tillman, cheerfully, as he waved his hands toward Hawley.

Then other horrified statesmen bustled forward and led Hawley into the cloak room to be recovered. Tillman almost gave a dozen of them the apoplexy.

The ring had been getting \$500 per ton, and Tillman and some others revolted and cut it down to \$300 a ton. With \$300 as the limit, the bids opened yesterday were called for.

A Bid Which Was a Bluff. There was but one bid, and that emanated from men not willing to make a regular proposal, or one the Government would accept. While this futility in the guise of a bid was being opened, the agents of the Carnegie, the Bethlehem and the Midvale companies and the Cramps sat about and looked on. And among others ex-Secretary Herbert. Why was Herbert there? I don't know. Some folks say Herbert came from curiosity; some say he came from Cramps. I hope not the latter. It wouldn't look well to be caught out on the Cramp limb so soon after the close of his term as Secretary.

These waiting men of armor plate had not bid. Yet they were there. Why? They knew the bidding yesterday was a bluff; a farce; nothing would come of it. And they aimed to impress Long, who is now, that \$300 a ton is not enough, and that he must get Congress to stick it back at \$500.

Yes, \$500 is too high; fully 65 per cent more than it is honestly worth. But they want it.

Long should not be deluded by these people. When coyotes hang about your camp you need not misapprehend. They are not there in any spirit of compliment to you; they have assembled in their own interests. They have come not for your good, but theirs.

New Michigan Cook Law.

Jealousy for the effete East is responsible, it is said, for the recent introduction of a bill in the Michigan State Senate which in effect creates a cook trust.

It appears that the Michigan palate must henceforward derive her chefs from among the graduates of an epicurian college—Evening Paper.

Oh, the cooks wave their aprons and dance on their hats,

While they howl at the horrible Michigan bill

That would license a cook to stew monkey and cats,

And to brindle the pheasant and quail on the grill.

They maintain in their wrath that the chef is not made,

But is born, like the poet and plumber, and hence

All the lullabulo and the tumpy tirade Of the shock to their skill at the skillet immense.

They are sore through and through when they pause to reflect

At the queer proposition a college to start,

When the feminine cooking schools have in effect

Knocked the cooking curriculum dead as an art.

Oh, they dream of the future of oyster and chop,

And the dish a la this and the dish a la that,

And the pie with the sculptures of dream on the top.

And the batter that wins when it goes to the bat.

Oh, they sing The sad song With a ding And a dong.

Oh, the cook of the college may have great agility,

His dreams of a dish may display elasticity,

But the cook that is born is endowed with facility.

Combined with a dainty poetic felicity,

While the born cook an omelette from egg shells will flash,

Any ape can translate the corned beef into hash.

Oh, their voices they raise in disgust and their heels

Do they raise to the war thought their visions invests,

When they think of the law and the wheels within wheels.

Then they moan "woe is me," while they hammer their breasts,

"Oh, our lamb is lambasted," lamentingly cry

All these poets of cook craft in chanting the dirge

Of their hopes which arises serene to the sky

Like the tumult that booms in the sea's solemn surge.

In the sweet cave of Echo the fishball is mute.

And the napjack is flapping its wings in despair,

By the sea marge the doughnut is tuning its lute.

And the sausage barks loud as it leaps in its lair.

Oh, the cooks are undone and their truth—pets they blow,

And the pie crust is smashed in the temple of Baal.

In a great Irish stew they are voicing their woe—

On the toast of their fancy they quiver and quail.

And they sing The sad song With a ding And a dong.

Oh, the cook of the college may have great agility,

His dreams of a dish may display elasticity,

But the cook that is born is endowed with facility.

Combined with a dainty poetic felicity,

While the born cook an omelette from egg shells will flash,

Any ape can translate the corned beef into hash.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Jesters' Chorus.

"Safe!" called the small boy, as he tip-toed out of the dining-room and left the cat on the table eating the roast for dinner.

His mother had told him to put the cat out, but she was on the pile before he could touch her, and he had played ball too often to make any rash decisions.—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you believe in wave thoughts, Learny?"

"Yes, I've had